#### -DY-G. G. ALEXANDER.

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# Campen



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NO. 42.

#### Mother's Work.

Dear patient woman o'er your children bending To leave a good-night kiss on rosy lips, Or list the simple prayers to God ascending Ere slumber veil them in its soft eclipse, I wonder, do you dream that seruphs love you, And sometimes smooth the pathway for your

That oft their silvery pinion float above you, When life is tangled and its cross-roads meet?

So wan and tired, the whole long day so busy, To laugh or weep, at times you hardly know, So many trifles make the poor brain dizzy, So many errands call you to and fro.

Small garments stitching, weaving fairy stories, And binding wounds, and bearing little cares, Your hours pass, unheeded all the glories Of that great world beyond the nursery

One schoolmate's pen has written words of beauty,

Her poems sing themselves into the heart; Another's brush has magic; you have duty; No time to spare for poetry or art. But only time for training little fingers,

And teaching youthful spirits to be true; You know not with what famine woman

lingers, With art alone to fill her, watching you.

And yet. I think you'd rather keep the babies, Albeit their heads grow heavy on your arm Than have the poet's fair, enchanted may-bes The artist's visions, rich with dazzling charm Sweet are the troubles of the happy hours, For even in weariness your soul is blest, And rich contentment all your being dowers

That yours is not a hushed and empty nest. -Margaret E. Sangster.

## TYRAWLEY.

Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the northwest corner of Devon. The various branches of English society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the naw. But our hero is not a representasome guardsmen, some undergraduates, into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he navy. But our hero is not a representative reached the surface he saw the crest of

years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much informaand it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, ward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The way made a clean breach over

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstoke Hall; for he is rich upon the stern. They hold on to the and handsome, as well as mysterious, and | bulwarks and await the end, for no boat cannot be more than two-and-thirty.

There are blondes and brunettes, and one color than they do in the other; but favor of that they are wearing when you a yard or two of the swimmer. In look at them.

And there is Constance Baymon, with a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, sir?" he says to the gray eyes and black hair. And the nicest an hour after; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were possibly impugn.

instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual, but that she really as if he had been a dancer. He is the scientious as usual, but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of her is left. English gentlemen of the nineteenth Ravelsto

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was past two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-

Pleasant, by Jove! he soliloquized. 'I wonder whether it's smashed-unlucky to break a looking-glass—I'm hanged if I know where the matches are: never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night!' as a flash of lightning illuminated the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. The wind must be about nor-nor-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bris- seemed quite impossible to obtain any-

window.'

Before starting on this expedition, he changed the remainder of his evening who swam to the vessel?' Tyrawley dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-grown) for a flannel shirt and and was a stranger in the neighborhood.

tended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near that but he was a dark, tallish man, with a he found it unnecessary; as, springing to great deal of beard. it, he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across the country, like a bird,' to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles well, d'ye see, miss, I can't exactly

seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a isn't, he'd make a good one—that I'll go but true affection is like a glove with fingroup of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

bail for. He's the coolest hand I ever saw Stay! now I think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was a naval man, for he He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel when and struck on a rock with-

in two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

'Is there no way of opening communication with her?' he asked of an old

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coastguard man. 'Why, ye see, sir, we have sent to Bilford tor Manby's rockets, but she must break up before they come.'
How far is it to Bilford?'
Better than seven mile, your honor.'

'If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew. Every one of them, your honor; but

it ain't possible.' 'I think a man might swim out.' 'The first wave would dash him to leeve against the cliff.'
'What depth of water below?'

'The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least.'
'The deeper the better. What distance to the water?'
'Good fifty feet.'

'Good lifty feet.'

'Well, I have dived off the main yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?'

'As much as you like.'

'Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fact crouch as I draw upon it.'

fast enough as I draw upon it,"

"You won't draw upon it."
"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."
"Well, we shall see. There's no time to lose; lend me a knife."
And in an instant he whitered of his And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots and pen-jacket; then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might

chafe him less.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. 'You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?'

'I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times.' I never knew a white man that could

Tyrawley smiled. 'But whatever you do,' he said, 'mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clean start.' He walked slowly to the edge of the A large party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstoke Hall, an old country house about two looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down tive man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from isle to isle of the Pacific. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives

waves have made a clean breach ove can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the water. "Ship, ahoy!" pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls, shouts a loud, clear voice, which makes who hover between the two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the place by the mainmast. The captain not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault. almost mechanically takes it down, and who always command your suffrage in with well-directed aim throws it within

moment it is under his arms, and in half

critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after; for no one can ever look regarding him as a visitor from the ower world: so, turning to the crew, he Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and lifted up the rope he had brought from still unmarried. . Alas, what cowards the shore. Then for the first time the men are. The fact is that Constance is object of his mission flashed upon their very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth widow) says, 'not clever enough to from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is at-In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to dis- tached to the small rope and drawn on believe. She stated as her opinion to her | board; then a second, and the communifriends, that she didn't believe he ever cation is complete. But no time is to be had done or ever would do anything lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a lady passenger. While the captain is planning a sort of ignorant of its foundation, no one could chair in which she might be moved, ossibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this steadies himself with the right by the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear; five minutes more and no trace of

Ravelstoke Hall has been arous d by century.

The day lingered on, after the usual stoke has just arrived with blankets. fashion of wet days in September in full Him Tyrawley avoids; and, thinking he country-houses. There was a little can be of no further use, he betakes him-dancing after dinner: but all retired self-across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his

chamber without observation.

The lady whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recom-mendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Rayelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at halfpast three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undis-turbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused everybody, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on.

Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished and talked about the wreck, and began again. It a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up! what a nuisance! 'Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window.'

Before the time of this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up! what a nuisance! 'Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window.'

trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

Was he a gentleman? asked Miss

say, for he hadn't much on; but if he which fits all hands alike, and none closely;

At this moment—half-past ten A. M.— Mr. Tyrawley walked into the breakfast

'Now here's a gentleman, captain, Mr. Tyrawley, who has been all over the world, and met with some strange adventures. I'll be bound he never saw anything to equal the affair last night.'

'You'd a nearish thing of it, captain?' inquired Tyrawley, speaking very slowly. His manner and appearance quite disarmed any supplication the accretic missis. disarmed any suspicion the captain might have had of his identity.

'Five minutes more, sir, and Davy Jones' locker would have held us all.

Begging your pardon, miss,' apologizing The captain had already repeated the

story a reasonable number of times, and was anxious to finish his breakfast So Miss Constance gave it all for the benefit of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own

of Mr. Tyrawley, dressed in her own glowing periods.

Tyrawley made no observation upon her recital, but took a third egg.

'Well, Mr. Tyrawley,' said she at last, what do you think of the man who swam out to the wreck?'

'Why, I think, Miss Baynton—I think,' said he hesitating, 'that he must have got very wet. And I sincerely hope he won't catch cold.'

There was a general laugh at this, in

There was a general laugh at this, in which the captain joined; but it is to be feared that Miss Constance stamped her pretty little foot under the table. Tyrawley turned, and began to talk to Miss Mellish, who was sitting on his right.

As he was speaking, the door on his left opened, and Lady Grace Ravelstoke entered with the lady passenger. The lady heard him speak—and there are some voices which a woman never forgets—and the dangerous journey over the rope had not passed in silence. She laid her hand upon his arm, and

said, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you?' Tyrawley rose, as in duty bound, saying. Do not speak of it. I did not know, when I came off, that I was to have the pleasure of assisting you. But the astonishment of the captain

was beautiful to behold. 'Why, you don't mean to say,—Well, I never;—dash my wig,—well Im—Here, shake hands, sir, will you?' And he stretched across the table a brawny hand, not much smaller than a shoulder of mutton.

The grip with which Tyrawley met his seemed to do more to con-vince him of his identity than the lady's recognition of their preserver.

The day was as wet as the preceding. The day was as wet as the preceding. Half an hour after breakfast, Mr. Tyrawley lounged into the back drawing-room. There sat Miss Constance Baynton, and, by the singular coincidence which favors lovers or historians, she sat

Now Constance had decided that she would compliment Mr. Tyrawley on his gallant conduct.

She had, in fact, arranged a neat, quiet, cold, formal, appropriate form of words, in which she would give her views expression And how do you think she delivered them? She got up, said, 'Oh, Mr. Tyrawley!' and burst into

tears.

If a woman's pride is a shield to thee, arrows of love, remember that if ever she throws it away-after she has compelled you to acknowledge its value-you

are both left utterly defenceless.

Frederick Tyrawley capitulated at once. They are to be married this not be Mrs. Tyrawley's fault.

# An Epicure's Fate.

Mr. Rogerson, the son of a gentleman of large fortune in England, after receiv-ing an excellent education, was sent abroad to make the grand tour. In this journey young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery and the methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, when he entered into the possession of a very large fortune. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism and to discover where the most exquisite dishes and best cooks were to be procured. He had no servants but men cooks. Footman, butler, housekeeper, coachman and grooms were all cooks. Among those more professionally so were one from Florence, another from Sienna, and another from Viterbo, who was employed for the special purpose of dressing one particular dish only—the "docce picante" of Florence. He had also a German cook for dressing the livers of turkeys, and the rest were all French. Mr. Rogerson had a messenger constantly traveling between Brittany and London to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover near St. Malo, and a single dinner, consisting of two dishes guineas. He counted the minutes between his meals, and was wholly abruined, a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; but a short time after he was found dressing an ortolon for himself. A few days later he died by his own hands.

# Words of Wisdom.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employ-

ment. Wisdom prepares for the worst, but folly leaves the worst for the day when it comes. must be the basis of every political establishment.

In order to dispose our hearts in devotion, the active life is to be preferred to the contemplative. The happiness of the tender heart is in-

creased by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others. Great vices are the proper objects of ou detestation-smaller faults of our pity; but

of the ridiculous.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.

The very heart and root of sin is an independent and selfish spirit. We creet the idol self, and not only wish others to worship it, but we worship it ourselves.

gers, which fits one hand only, and fits close to that one.

years of age were married in New York city last year.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT PIGS.

A Farmer's High Opinion of their Intelli-

A Farmer's High Opinion of their Intelligence, Courage and Cleanliness:

I breed pigs on a large scale, and I boldly affirm from my experience that the pig is more intelligent than any other beast, more courageous, cleaner and possessed of more delicate organization. ization.

I once bought thirty-six young pigs, and put them in a pen. For the first few days they behaved themselves admirably. Being a novice in the business of handling pigs, I thought this quietude was the result of their being well fed. What they were really doing was re-flecting on their confinement, and devising a way to get out of their pen. At any rate, they got out. I searched for the missing thirty-six, and found them in my garden, eating lettuce and early peas. But with the help of all the men on the ranch. I could not drive them has being they seemed to have back into the pen; they seemed to have forgotten where and how they got out. Around the pen they ran, but not one offered to get in. My men were yielding to exhaustion, and I was nearly wild with rage. Declaring that those pigs with rage. Declaring that those pigs should go into their pen the same way they came out, I went to the house and loosened a huge half-blood Newfoundland dog that had an inborn dislike for hogs. "Put those pigs in their pen, and don't you dare to bite one of them." Fred, the dog, looked first at me and then at the pigs, and making a quick jump at one small specimen, took him down. Standing over the prostrate pig. jump at one small specimen, took limidown. Standing over the prostrate pigthe dog growled savagely, and every now and then he gave him a severe shaking. When, by my command, the pig was released it ran to a corner of the pen, leaped to the third board, turned slightly on its side, and scrambled through. The others followed as fast as possible. They would have scampered around that pen would have scampered around that pen for a week, and not one would have re-vealed the place, if the sudden and overwhelming fright resulting from being held in the jaws of a hundred-pound dog had not made this one betray the secret. had not made this one betray the secret. Afterward the thirty-six pigs would tunnel under the fence and invade my garden, but when the dog was called, with wild grunts of alarm, they rushed into their quarters. Soon it became necessary only to stand on the hill and yell, "Fred, Fred! Pigs, pigs!" to make every hog within hearing run for that hole in the pen. Once, and only once, the big dog went over the fence to punish a small pig that had been uncommonly exasperating. The knowledge then and there absorbed by him lasted the rest of his life. He was willing to rest his forepaws op the fence, to look over, and bark at the occupants of the pen, but when urged to go over he sulked.

over, and believe me, it was not well." I had a big crop of corn and oats, and prices were very low. Not being in immediate need of money, I determined to breed pigs enough to eat my crop. In the course of my shooting prairie chickens, I one day strayed on horseback some low in the ham. Not to enlarge on the troubles and vexations those pigs caused me before I got home, I will simply say from what was overheard on that jour-

from what was overhead on that joiney. But I got the pigs home.

My wife had raised some eighty turkeys, and countless chickens ranged when the country should be shou around my stacks, sheds and barns. used to select and point out with the index finger the gobblers we would eat when cold weather came. We enjoyed many turkeys that way, and it was well we ate them in anticipation, for we did not taste them any other way. The razor backs were turned into a large yard, containing about an acre, and the process of building up meat on their open bonework began. The still hunt of the sows also began-turkeys and chickens the game they stalked. Though I was on the point of losing my mind, as I looked on I could not help admiring the skill displayed. A wagon load of corn would be scattered on the ground in the pen, and the sows would slowly rise up on their haunches. Sitting in all conceivable attitudes they would yawn, opening their long jaws much as an alligator does his when he sees a young person indiscreetly coming to play in the river. Then, getting on their feet, they would slowly feed up and down the pen. A turkey would hop over the fence and begin to pick corn, and may be, in his exceeding comfort, spread his tail and give voice to a cheerful gobble or two. A long, lean, wiry sow would look at him, her bright black eyes sparkling only, sometimes cost him upward of fifty with the pleasure of anticipation. She would slowly feed toward the turkey, tween his meals, and was wholly absorbed in devising means to indulge his She would not hurt a turkey—not she appetite. In the course of nine years he Slowly and cautiously she would draw found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and he was verging fast to poverty. When he had spent a fortune of \$750,000 and was totally launched through the air; a snapping of great jaws, a sudden jumping of the forefeet on the body of the gobbler, a firm grip of the jaws on leg, wing or breast; a quick, powerful, upward jerk, and the gobbler that erst strutted in my yard was being converted into pork. I once saw a sow miss a turkey, and the fowl took to wing. The sow gathered

herself for a run, and, jumping high in the air, snapped at the flying bird. The flying turkey would be horrified to see every sow he passed over rise up in the Harmony and good will toward men air toward him and vainly snap her jaws nust be the basis of every political estabath at his dangling legs. The gobbler who had made an escape of this kind would spend hours in standing around, medita-ting on the hard times it would be for turkeys if razor-backed sows had wings. The upshot of this stalking of my fowls was that I lost all I had, and to-day there is not a fowl on the place.

Once I had a couple of sows, each of tle ones run out (it was a grasshopper year, and they could hurt nothing.) Kanaffection appears to be the only true source ed that I would lose my pigs. I met them all over the neighboring country, but at sundown they were generally at home. I used to think they were lucky, until one day, while shooting prairie chickens, I

were bravely grunting defiance. The wolf was running around them, snapping his jaws and doing all in his power to frighten a faint-hearted pig out of the circle. The compact ring of sturdy little black porkers slowly moved down the read acres following, but constantly road, never faltering, but constantly keeping up their war grunt. As they passed me at about twenty five yards. I

passed me at about twenty five yards, I rebuked the coyote with an ounce of No. 10 bird shot. He suddenly lost interest in pork, and retired to the hills to hunt jack rabbits. I never had any anxiety about my pigs after that.

Once I built a pen for 100 stock hogs by a deep pond of water. I ran the fence out into the pond to where the water was five feet deep; then I took logs and, chaining them together, stretched them between the ends of the fence. This made a pen with a big pond in it, and the pigs could not get out unless they dived under the logs. I was raised in the belief that a pig could not raised in the belief that a pig could not swim. The hogs were driven to the pen, put in, and, as I had self-feeding corn-bins that were full, I flattered myself that I was rid of the personal care of those hogs until butchering time. The result was that they became such expert result was that they became such expert divers that they were never in the pen. They would swim out to the logs and dive under. If I went to the pen on horseback, accompanied by my dog, I would gather them up by setting the dog on them, make them all jump into the pond, swim to the log, plunge under it and swim ashore into their pen. There the dog dared not follow.

it and swim ashore into their pen. There the dog dared not follow.

The courage of a sow with young in her nest is something wonderful. No wild animal that walks on Kansas soil can drive her from them. She will die in defense of her pigs, and the wolf doesn't live that can get the better of a razor-back sow. She will always eat young pigs, provided they are not her own. Her own she never eats. The pigs of any other sow she considers legitimate food, and she will eat them up to the time that they are three weeks old; and any other sow in turn will eat her pigs. The sows regard each other old; and any other sow in turn will eat her pigs. The sows regard each other with an evil eye. Distrust, doubt, uncertainty reign everywhere until the pigs are quick and active. Then the friendly family relations are resumed. It is strange, but I have never seen a boar eat young pigs, and I have had all kinds—from the blooded "wind-splitters" to the pure Berkshires—and I never had a pig eaten by one of them. had a pig eaten by one of them.

#### How a Toad Undresses.

A gentleman sends to an agricultural paper an amusing description of "How a Toad takes off his Coat and Pants." He says he has seen one do it, and a friend hus seen another do the same thing in the sam

"About the middle of July I found a peared sluggish and not inclined to move, Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides, and rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I ens, I one day strayed on horseback some forty miles from home, and coming across a large pigpen found in it a lot of pure razor-back sows. I thought I would like to be the owner of these razor-backs, so I returned with a couple of teams and bought twenty-two of them—long of snout, long of leg, roachbacked, long tailed, heavy in the shoulders, high in the withers, light and off one leg of his pants the same as anybody shoulders, high in the withers, light and off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, then stripped the other hind leg in the same way. He then took this castoff cuticle forward between his fore legs into that I lost all standing in my church his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his fore legs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin; changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head, and all the while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole The operation seemed an agreeable one and occupied but a short time.

# The Andre Monument.

Mr. Cyrns W. Field has purchased the land at Tappan, N. Y., where Major John Andre was executed October 2, 1780, and is having prepared to be placed on the same a on the front of which will be instone. scribed:

Here died, October 2, 1780,
Major JOHN ANDRE, of the British Army,
who, entering the American lines
on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold,
for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried and condemued as a spy. His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his cuemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate

and both armies mourned the fate
of one so young and so brive.

In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster
Abbey.
A hundred years after his execution
a citizen of the states against which he fought
placed this stone above the spot where he lay;
Not to perpetuate the record of strife,
But in token of those better sentiments
Which have since united two nations,
One in race, in language, and in religion:
With the earnest hope that this friendly union
Will never be broken.

-Arthur Pearhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.
[On the back.]

On the back. Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalis tangunt.

— Virgil, Eneld 1, 462. [On the left side.]
"The spy of the neutral ground,
Who died as he had lived,

Devoted to the service of his country."
-Fenimore Cooper. "He was more unfortunate than criminal;
An accomplished man and gallant officer."

- George Washington. He died universally esteemed and universally

#### regretted." -Akxander Hamilton. Summer Vacations.

Summer vacations have now become a permanent institution; yet they are of comparatively recent origin. Our ancestors never thought of traveling beyond the limits of their city, village or native valley, except when driven by their affairs or their predatory instincts. What lay beyond the familiar circle of their daily lives was foreign to them, and rather to be shunned than sought. The traveler by choice was looked upon as bold and foolhardy. Men and women lived in narrow groves of their own, which raised me nine pigs, I let the lit- and had no desire to emerge into a larger space. But times are changed. The modern facilities for intercourse and sas was considerably pestered with wolves communication have greatly enlarged that year, and my neighbors predictour world. In one sense enlarged, in another belittled, for while our experience, through personal travel, books and the reports of friends, has brought the distant near and interwoven it with the associations of daily life, it has drained dependent and selfish spirit. We creet the saw a wolf dancing around in the grass in a very peculiar manner. I watched him from a distance, but could not compensated the littleness of their actual prehend his behavior. So I walked to prenend his behavior. So I walked to-ward him, and, by taking advantage of a ravine, was able to get within forty yards of the beast. Lying down behind a bunch of blue-joint grass, I looked on. The coyote had found my eighteen pigs.

World with indefinite conceptions of the concerning a battle-scarred soldier, who had honored his sanetum with a call, was exasperated beyond measure on the ple, and tempted by the high figure to which was exasperated beyond measure on taking up his paper the following morn-the bid for l is life, she consented to accent The coyote had found my eighteen pigs.
Eighteen hundred girls under twenty ears of age were married in New York ity last year.

a bunch of diversional pigs, and seeing his fine effort utterly our new way is an improvement uponthe one four months old, and wanted one for dinner. The pigs, objecting, had ity last year.

a bunch of diversional pigs, and seeing his fine effort utterly ing, and seeing his fin

#### TIMELY TOPICS.

The so-called "Horse Communities" of Russia flourish in all cities where there are universities. Most of the poorer students, who are free from prejudices, live upon horse-flesh, which can be procured at one-fifth the price of beef. It is the custom of such students to board in parties of from five to twenty, and hence the name of "Horse Communities." So many Nihilists have been found in these communities that the horse-meat eaters are liable to prosecution by the government.

The Cherokees, with a population of 19,000, support two seminaries, male and deaf and dumb asylum and seventy-four common schools, having in all 3,000 pupils. They annually expend for purposes of education \$79,000. The seminaries and asylums are in brick buildings, with three stories and a basement, and are quite handsome and a basement, and are quite handsome and commodious. They were erected at a cost of \$40,000 each. The Creeks number 14,260, have twenty-eight public schools and two mission schools, with 1,200 pupils, costing \$23,000. The Choctaws, numbering 16,000, have fifty-five schools and one academy, costing \$29,000, with 1,200 pupils. The Chicksaws, numbering 5,800, have twelve public schools and one academy, costing \$21,000, with 400 pupils. The Seminoles have five schools, with an attendance noles have five schools, with an attendance of 180, for which they pay annually \$2,800.

The "Loyal Sons of America" is the itle of an organization which was founded in 1871, and now lays claim to ten thousand members in different parts of the Union. The members are all American-born boys or The members are all American-born boys or young men between sixteen and twenty-six years of age, and their professed object is to join the American youths together "by the golden band of fidelity and love." To quote their constitution, "what we desire to do is to organize in every town and city in the country a lodge where the strict principles of justice honor, and noble deads will be of justice, honor and noble deeds will be carried out, and prepare ourselves for any position of trust we shall be called upon to fill." They have a constitution and bylaws, and "wigwams" in New York, Brooklyn, Boston and other large cities. The first wigwam was established at Medusa, near Coxsackie, and the association intends to hold a grand encampment the next 4th of

A case in which a romantic girl played an important part is narrated in the Missouri papers. She, with other ladies, were visiting the penitentiary at Jefferson City, when she was struck with the appearance of a youthful convict, and his story was told by the warden. When a boy just out of college he had become implicated in the embezzlement of trust funds, for which his toad on a hill of melons, and not wanting family discorned him. Believing him in-him to leave, I hoed around him; he apand an introduction was followed by promises to correspond. This she did in

It has hitherto been the custom of geographers to give the palm to Borneo as the largest island in the world, but, according to the Popular Science Monthly, this is decidedly an error. "A careful estimate, founded on the most recent maps, shows that New Guinea is considerably the larger, and must for the future be accorded the first place. In shape this island differs greatly from Borneo, being irregular and much extended in a north-northwest and a south-southeast direction, so that its greatest length is little short of 1,500 miles, a distance as great as the whole width of Australia from Adelaide to Port Darwin, or of Europe from London to Constantinople. Its greatest width is 410 miles; and, omitting the great peninsulas which form its two extremeties, the central mass is about 700 miles long with an average width of 320 miles, a country about the size of the Austrian em, pire, and, with the exception of the course of one long river, an absolute blank upon our maps.

# The Health of Printers.

In the course of a lecture on the "Effects of Occupations upon Health," recently delivered at Leipsic by Dr. Heubner, he drew attention to the frequency of lead-poisoning among typefounders, compositors and pressmen. In Leipsic itself, the great metropolis of the German book trade, seventy-seven per cent, of all who are thus affected belong to the trades enumerated. Typefounders are poisoned by inhaling the fumes of the metal, while compositors and pressmen inhale minute particles of the same material. Fraught with still greater danger is, however, the frequent practice of compositors of with their lips or keeping entables in comand ample ventilation by the frequent opening of windows, etc. As regards lung diseases, too, printers compare tavorably with most other trades, the proportion of deaths from this cause being exceptionally large. The one safeguard against this danger also is ventilation, which, as we all know, is sadly neglected in printing-offices generally by reason of the almost universal dread of draughts.

# "Editorial Ediflers."

A lawyer keeps his own counsel. Not hard to take-Garden sauce. A pretty cornseat-A number one

Whoop skirts are much worn on the frontier. Fair one, if you don't want some felow to steal your heart, you must steel

A perpetual-motion watching machine A mother with several marriageable daughters. It is really amusing to examine the

it yourself.

maps of the different railway lines, and find on each one their own road conveniently represented as direct "as the bird flies," and all competing lines crooked as a ram's horn or the streets of

ADVERTISING RATES:

1 in. | col | col. | col. \$ 1.00 \$ 5.00 \$ 9.00 \$15.00

\$ 5.00 \$ 9.00 \$15.00 7.50 | 12.26 | 20.00 9.00 | 15.25 | 24.00 10.50 | 18 00 | 27.50 11.75 | 20.50 | 31.00 12.50 | 22.75 | 34.00 13.25 | 24.75 | 37.00 14.00 | 26.00 | 40.00 17.00 | 32.00 | 50.00 19.00 | 39.50 | 59.00 24.00 | 48.00 | 84.00 30.00 | 59.00 | 105.00 35.00 | 68.00 | 120.00

Transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash to insure insertion. The Morning Comes Before the Sun. Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose From out night's gay and cloudy sheath, Softly and still it grows and grows,

Petal by petal, leaf by leaf,

Its dreamy fetters one by one,

Each sleep-imprisoned creature breaks

And love awakes, and labor wakes-The morning comes before the sun What is this message from the light So fairer far than light can be? Youth stands a tiptoe, eager, bright, In haste the risen sun to see; Ah! check thy longing, restless heart, Count the charmed moments as they run It is life's best and fairest part,

This morning hour before the sun. When once thy day shall burst to flower, When once the sun shall climb the sky And busy hour by busy hour The urgent noontide draws anigh, When the long shadows creep abreast To dim the happy task half tone, Thou wilt recall this pause of rest,

This morning hush before the sun. l'o each one dawning and one dew One fresh young hour is given by fate, One rose flush on the early blue— Be not impatient then, but wait! Clasp the sweet peace on earth and sky By midnight angels woven and spun, Better than day its prophecy-The morning comes before the sun. -Susan Coolidge.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A cawtious bird-The crow. A calico hop-A farmer's wife getting inner for harvest hands.

It underwent a change. The cargo hat was thrown overboard. It is always well to be prepared for fires hether we have them or not.

If you have a fine toned piano keep it free from dust to preserve its quality. The base ball season is fairly opened. Flies are already seen around our office. Scientists believe that the lightning-rod principle was understood and applied 500 years B. C.

Boston Corbett, who shot John Wilkes Booth, is represented to be extremely poor and out of employment. So late as the reign of Henry VIII., not a cabbage, carrot, turnip or other edible root was grown in England.

According to the most recent calcula-

tions—those of Peterman—the population-of the whole world is now 1,424,000,000. A Grand International Exposition is to be held at Moscow next year. One at the city of Mexico, and one in Australia. There are said to be 2,000,000 or 3,000,-000 people in France who eat no bread, subsisting on chestnuts and vegetables. Coffee and tea do not have the same

effect on every one. Some they render wakeful, and to some they prove a gentle anodyne. An ingenious instrument vented by the use of which the action of the pulse is actually measured and pho-

tographed. Picayunc: Life is but a span. Marriage a double team. Youth wedded to old age is a tandem. A cross old bachelor is single and sulky.

There are 3,800 species of grasses, only about a dozen or fifteen of which are ranked among the cultivated or more highly nutritious kinds. Saying that he "took it for a lark"

was not held by the justice to be a sufficient plea in bar of judgment, in the case of a boy whole stole a pigeon. The French peasantry are not yet tired of shuffling about in wooden shoes, and France produces about four million pair yearly. They are very economical and keep the feet dry. The best are made of maple, and in provincial towns, ladies

often wear them. The men engaged in cleaning Monumental park, Cleveland, of the debris and rubbish, while taking down the sparrows' nests in the trees came across one in which they found a \$5 bill neatly woven. The money was crumpled, but good, and the half-dozen men quietly "divided" and went into the task with renewed zeal, expecting to find a few more bills hidden away somewhere in the nests. Strange to say, they found a lady's fine gold chain in another, and a

#### number of other curiosities of less value. An Extraordinary Scene.

Three years ago a young Christian Maronite in Turke killed a Musselman in a hot-headed quarrel. After lying ever since in prison the mother of the victim came forward last February and insisted on bringing their type-stained hands in contact his being sentenced to death. What fol-with their lips or keeping eatables in composing-rooms, etc. The great preventives the Philadelphia Press thus describes: "As against all such chronic poisoning are clean-liness, both of person and in the work-room, judicial forms, she obtained from Midhat Pasha, the governor of Syria, a firman for the execution, and a day was fixed for the hanging. In vain the notables of all creeds and races, Musselmans and Christians, appealed to the old woman to be merciful, for upon her word depended the life of the Maronite. They represented to her that if he did do the deed it might have been in self defence; that at any rate his guilt was not perfectly clear; that he had already grievously suffered in body and mind by his imprisonment, and that the people of Beyrout did not want a capital execution in their midst. Neither the Turkish ulemas, the Greek and Armenian bishops, or the Turkish officials could soften the obdurate heart of this cruel woman. 'I have the firman for his execution,' she said, 'and his fate is in my hands. I will not spare him. In the night of February 5th, three hours after midnight, he was taken from his cell and led to the place of execution. An immense crowd of people gathered around the scaffold. There took place a scene of the most extraordinary kind. The woman was told by the executioner that the man's relatives were ready to pay her any sum in their power if she would, as custom authorized. allow him to go free on the payment of blood money. She shricked and foamed for vengeance. For an hour and more she re-fused to be merciful, notwithstanding the entreaties of the mass of men, women and children. In the meanwhile the young man stood on the gallows with the halter